Everything Hunky-dory in Kansas City *Paul R. Wieck*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—December 21, 1974, 50 cents

BRIBERY

Brooks Jackson

Recovery & Taxes—*The Editors*

Making Ford's Mark--*John Osborne*

Stanley Kauffmann on Athol Fugard

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(more)

We'll get back to those secret orders momentarily. First, about that parenthesis . . .

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Which brings us back to those secret orders. What author Taylor Branch, writing in a recent issue of [MORE], reported after the parenthesis was that "people falsified their records and burned their secret orders when they were supposed to, so that the B-52's could do their work without making any noise back home. . . . No one could have known, because the Administration didn't talk and the press didn't snoop very hard."

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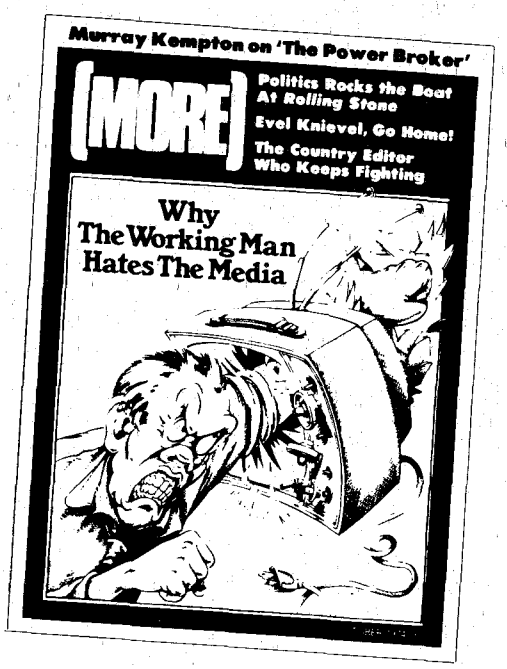
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TRB

from Washington
December 21, 1974

Leadership Shortage

Two hundred years ago a little republic on the edge of the wilderness suddenly produced Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Adams and others like that. It had only three million people. Today we have 200 million. Where are our great men? We should have 60 Franklins at least.

Scan the list of modern leaders in America; we won't mention anyone by name but isn't there a certain paucity of talent in the group, compared, say, to early days?

Maybe it's our fault; perhaps the genius is there but we don't recognize it. Or possibly the comparison is unfair; maybe the Founding Fathers weren't really all that good, their genius is a myth. Other explanations occur; perhaps the emergency that produced them isn't severe enough today: maybe we need to be right up against the Redcoats.

And yet our modern problems are pretty rugged: inflation, recession, energy shortage all at once; race problems, the nuclear threat. Surely this should inspire comparable leadership. If there is a Washington in the house will he please stand up?

A thought increasingly haunts this reporter that we have the talent but don't know how to find it. That is why Sen. Walter Mondale's decision to remove his name from the presidential race distressed many, even conservatives: "I do not have the overwhelming desire to be President which is essential for the kind of campaign that is required," he said. "I admire those with the determination to do what is required to seek the presidency but I have found that I am not among them." He had barnstormed 30 states and spent $100,000—and wanted out.

The Founding Fathers might have pondered. They set up the electoral college originally to help the presidential selection process; a device something like that which the dominant party uses in the House of Commons to pick a prime minister. It hasn't worked. So presidential hopefuls are now lining up, two years early, to go through their ordeal. Some argue the process is educational all round. On the other hand, wouldn't we be better off if they just stayed put, and made reputations at home?

Our system makes it even harder to drop a leader than to acquire him. The only way to get rid of an unsatisfactory President, short of waiting two or three years for an election, is to use the impeachment guillotine. A brutal business. How much simpler it is abroad: Japan has just quietly changed prime ministers after a scandal. It took them a month or so. Watergate has taken two years. Isn't there some lesson there?

Suppose a stray Founding Father had got into the 94th Congress. He would see one party controlling the legislature, another the White House. Very odd, he would murmur. It might be difficult for him to make a reputation under such circumstances. And doesn't it promote confusion he would ask? Why yes, it does. It didn't matter too much when it took two weeks to ride from Boston to Philadelphia but everything is enormously speeded up today—everything, that is, but government.

But surely, split political control is the exception, our hypothetical Founding Father would exclaim! Not so very unusual; almost routine. It is customary enough to excite little surprise (except from visiting foreigners). It now averages about three years out of every eight.

Seniority is another oddity. To get power in Congress you must be old. Old, that is, in the terms of the Founding Fathers. They were an extraordinarily young lot. Of those who wrote the Constitution in Philadelphia in 1787 Jonathan Dayton of New Jersey was 26; Pinckney, 29; Hamilton, 30; Rufus King, 32; Madison, 36; Adams, 37. Just boys, our congressional committee chairmen would say. Even with Ben Franklin at 81, the average in Philadelphia was 43.

Suppose Jefferson, for example, who had aspirations to establish a utopia of small farmers in America, had sought admission to the House Agriculture Committee. He would have had to wait 31 years to equal the age of the present chairman, Rep. Poage (75) of Texas. Another delegate at Philadelphia was John Rutledge of South Carolina, later on the Supreme Court. If he joined the Senate Judiciary Committee today, he would have to wait 22 years to equal chairman James Eastland's age. It is unlikely that Alexander Hamilton, the impatient financial genius, would have been prepared to wait 40 years to match the age of John L. McClellan (D, Ark.), now chairman of Senate Appropriations.

Coherent political parties in Washington might generate stronger leaders. That could be the greatest political reform of the day. Other nations have party conventions every year to help steer their course, but it is only now that the Democrats for the first time have taken this obvious step.

It is agonizing to see the public hoping that President Ford will act. Fed Chairman Arthur Burns solemnly warns that continued drift over the energy problem "may lead to a permanent decline of our nation's economic and political power." Mr. Ford hesitates.

Henry Ford II urges a stimulative tax cut to help avoid "potential disaster." The President hesitates. And again, in two weeks, private ownership of gold becomes legal and what looks like a gold rush is developing. This will take needed funds away from credit agencies; it is a vote of no confidence by the timid rich; it means that they would rather lose interest on hoarded metal and pay insurance and storage charges than trust the White House and Congress and the American productive market system to meet the emergency. The mood is ominous.

Instead of blocking the President, Congress is trying to get him to act. This is a reversal of roles for at least a generation. Walter Lippmann wrote in 1963, when Congress stalled JFK: "We have here . . . the critical disease of democratic government, namely the paralysis of the Executive by the elected assembly." Mr. Ford has made this into a "paralysis" of the elected assembly by the Executive.

Meanwhile the oil producing cartel (OPEC) is accumulating $60 billion a year in surplus cash. At this rate one week equals the Rockefeller family's entire wealth. In a year it equals all US investment outside the country. In nine years it equals the value of all the stocks of all the companies on the New York stock exchange. In 15 years it equals the value of all the stocks of all the major stock exchanges of all the countries of the world. We just don't think this money is going to be paid.

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Recovery and Taxation

Remember the Vietnam war surtax? "Too little, too late" is the judgment of economists today, and at least in part the current inflation is the result. "Too much, too late" may be the judgment of history on a tax cut delayed until next year and enacted in the depth of a recession just when the forces of recovery may be taking hold. A real stimulus is needed *now*, and it is available in a tax bill reported out by the House Ways and Means Committee.

To those worried that a tax cut will unduly aggravate inflation, there are two responses: first, in a depressed economy there is little opportunity for productivity gains to offset higher wages. And wage-inflation-escalator clauses and current labor contract settlements ensure that there *will* be higher wages even in a deepening recession. The result will be more fuel for the inflationary fire, as the labor cost of production will continue to rise even more rapidly than wages. But if our productive capacity were more fully utilized, productivity gains could be realized so that labor costs could begin to fall. Second, a tax cut now only offsets the effects of recent price increases. Taxes rise faster than income in any progressive tax system, so the US family whose earnings have managed to keep pace with the cost of living still finds itself falling behind in after-tax income. The family whose income has *not* kept pace is worse off, as social security taxes and other benefit costs rise in step with prices. All this adds to pressures for further wage increases at each labor negotiation, for workers covered by wage-escalator clauses find their standard of living declining. Canada recognizes this problem, and the Canadian government now adjusts the tax structure each year to compensate for inflation. Cutting personal income taxes promptly will not jump prices more than they already will climb next year; it *will* help to cut short the present economic decline—if Congress moves quickly. To delay is to risk over-response next year when a stimulus may no longer be as necessary, and when most of the costs of this recession will have already been incurred.

Congress should likewise act promptly to set up a public employment program to ease the lot of the people who have been hardest hit. For those able to work, jobs are always preferable to relief checks, and with unemployment now expected to rise above seven percent next year an expanded public work program becomes essential. In

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addition, the incoming Congress should move toward setting up a system under which individual income tax rates would be automatically adjusted to eliminate distortions caused by soaring prices. This is a reform President Kennedy tried and failed to have adopted. As things stand now, a rise in money incomes moves households into higher tax brackets and forces them to pay more tax, at the very time real incomes are level or declining. The consequent penalty has squeezed the majority far too long. Some would argue that inflation also has squeezed corporate profits, which in constant dollars have been shrinking. But corporations in recent years have received significant tax credits or incentives that increased corporate cash flows and obscured true reserves. Included on this list are special export promotion tax relief, faster depreciation write-offs and investment tax credits (which President Ford, with some justification, would increase). To illustrate the effect of such credits, Ralph Nader has computed that corporate income tax payments as a percentage of federal receipts "have been withering away over the last three decades," from 33.6 percent in 1944 to an estimated 14.6 percent in 1974.

During that same 30-year period, the Treasury take from Social Security payroll taxes has risen from 3.9 percent of revenues to 29 percent, dramatizing the onerous burden that Social Security taxes have become to a growing number of families. It's estimated that about half of today's taxpayers pay more in Social Security tax than in federal income tax. Another needed reform, therefore, is one that would rebate some or all of the Social Security tax to lower-income groups. The poor already and justifiably get income tax breaks through low-income allowances. Such allowances and credits should be extended to payroll tax payments. And while doing something about the Social Security tax, Congress would do well to create limited income redistribution through the so-called "negative income tax" system, which in effect would guarantee each household a minimum annual income.

Experience has proved that certain business tax shelters have little or no economic or social benefit. Surely real estate shelters have done nothing to boost the housing supply, and the tax shelters that lead to cattle feeding investments merely give wealthy individuals a tax dodge and do little for full-time farmers and cattlemen. If anything, these shelters take capital away from possible investment in manufacturing, where more capital formation is needed. Administration officials like Treasury Secretary William E. Simon and Chairman Alan Greenspan of the Council of Economic Advisers argue that we need more restrictions on consumption so that savings can be boosted and the capital pool enlarged. But these men forget that about 70 percent of investment is financed through retained corporate earnings, and despite wailing from corporate boardrooms most companies have been able and willing to raise needed cash and debt even in these times of high interest rates and relatively scarce money. For example, in October, sales of new long-term debt issues totaled $3.4 billion, second only to the $3.6 billion raised in March 1971, as the highest monthly total on record; new bond financing in the second half of this year is estimated to reach $18.2 billion, nearly double the first half.

There is one reform in the corporate area that should be made, however: it is impossible to justify the double taxation of dividends; dividends are paid out of after-tax profits and there is no reason General Motors, for example, should pay tax on its profits and the company's shareholders should then be faced with another round of taxes on dividends received.

Debate has intensified on reappraising capital gains taxation; that is, the way any profits from assets are taxed upon sale. During the 93rd Congress, the Ways and Means Committee proposed that the proportion of a capital gain included in taxable income, now only 50 percent of the gain, be reduced even further, depending on the length the asset was held. The reasoning for this approach is twofold: 1) the longer an asset has been held, the larger the portion of the gain that can be attributed to inflation, and 2) the declining tax rate will encourage individuals to sell appreciated assets at the lower rates. Much of the current lobbying to reduce the capital gains tax is linked to sagging stock prices, which "lock in" investors unwilling to take a loss. But in most cases investors buy assets (stocks, bonds, real estate) in the hope of beating inflation; the investors take a gamble that their purchases will rise in value and thus provide a return greater than the general price rise. The gamble doesn't always pay off, of course, but there is little justification for lowering the capital gains tax rate merely to help retrieve unexpected reverses in chancy investments.

There is one loophole here that ought to be closed. It allows capital gains to escape all income taxation when transferred at death. While the majority of Americans regularly pay tax on wages and salaries, wealthy persons escape tax on their assets if they hold onto them during their lifetimes and pass along those assets to heirs upon death. Consider, for example, a person who bought 1000 shares of XYZ Corporation stock in 1920 for $1000, and held onto those shares until they were worth one million dollars in 1974. If that XYZ shareholder died tomorrow, his or her heirs would pay estate taxes. But the $999,000 increase in the value of the XYZ shares would escape all income tax. If the heirs then sold the shares for, let's say, $1.1 million, their capital gains tax would be based on the $100,000 increase in stock value between the time of inheritance and time of sale, not the $1,099,000 increase between the time of original purchase and sale. Ending this indefensible practice, along with tightening the present "minimum income tax," would generate Treasury revenues to pay for badly needed

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social programs.

It would be foolish to overestimate the chances of the sort of legislation proposed here, even in the relatively more progressive Congress that convenes in January. The Ways and Means proposal—eliminating taxes for single persons earning less than $1600 a year and balancing this with an increase in oil taxes—has excellent prospects in the House, but if it reaches the Senate it will fall into the Finance Committee, whose chairman Russell Long would oppose a key section repealing the oil depletion allowance. Long would probably insist on a full committee review of the bill, and possibly hearings. And there isn't time for that. The Ways and Means bill could be modified to guarantee special treatment for small oil companies, protecting them against losses they might incur through repeal of the depletion allowance, which might satisfy Sen. Long and speed the plan through the Finance Committee. Or the Ways and Means tax cut could be attached to the foreign trade bill on the floor of the Senate. But here again it would have to satisfy oil-state senators or risk getting stuck in a filibuster. Even the blandest of proposals could provoke a brawl and sink the entire trade bill, which is already mired in controversy. To take another example, the sensible suggestion that automobiles ought to be taxed by weight or horsepower seems to be getting nowhere, though it would seem a logical response to our urgent need for conservation of fuel. In short tax adjusters have a tough job ahead of them.

Clemency

In about a month the President's short-lived clemency program comes to an end. Anyone in trouble for evading the draft or deserting the military who hasn't applied for clemency by January 31 will not be considered. Mr. Ford is not now planning to extend the deadline. Although a final verdict is premature, there's enough data for preliminary judgment on this bid for reconciliation. It has not brought many war resisters home from abroad, nor has it reintegrated large numbers of draft evaders and deserters into the political system they rejected. It has given modest comfort by cutting short some prison sentences and quashing indictments.

The President said he wanted to bind up the nation's wounds by forgiving draft dodgers and deserters of the Vietnam era. But the absolution wasn't as generous as that given Mr. Nixon: antiwar criminals must go through a process called "earned reentry." Those accused but not convicted of any offense may report to the Department of Defense for relief (if they were inducted into the service before getting into trouble) or the Department of Justice (if they weren't). Convicts must appeal to the White House clemency panel. In most cases, a draftee is expected to serve out a two-year term—if not in the military, then in an alternative job. Those who've already been in prison will be pardoned or assigned to alternative jobs, depending on the nature of the case and the length of time spent in jail.

The program has had meager results. Its critics in the antiwar movement say this is so because returning draft dodgers must go through a humiliating process that requires, among other things, that they "reaffirm" their allegiance to the United States. Of the more than 108,000 the government says are known to be eligible for clemency, only about 3000 so far have taken advantage of the program. (The government's estimate of the number eligible is conservative.) The Justice Department reports that about 130 draft evaders have turned themselves in to US attorneys and pledged to work at alternative service jobs. About 2200 men and women who went AWOL or deserted the military between August 1964 and March 1973 have signed up with the clemency program. Only about 200 of those processed so far have come home from abroad. The President's clemency board has received applications from more than 800 people convicted of avoiding military duty, and of these, eight have been given full pardons and 10 have been assigned alternate service penalties. The rest await judgment. Roughly 1600 people are enrolled in its alternative service plan according to Selective Service, but only 300 had actually found jobs at this writing.

Officials at all three processing centers say that applications for clemency, though they are now arriving more slowly than during the initial surge, have begun to come in faster in the last few weeks. Since the program was announced only three months ago, federal agencies have had time to little more than assemble staff, devise their procedures and start up the engines. Only last month the Department of Defense wrote to families of servicemen who are eligible for clemency to

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warn that the deadline is approaching. If the offer is cut short on January 31, as chairman of the clemency board, former Sen. Goodell, expects it will be, little will have been accomplished.

The clemency board and the Defense Department both have reported that most of the applicants are not the "stereotyped war resister" but people who ran afoul of the bureaucracy and didn't know how to work their way back into its good graces. Many are poor, poorly educated or poorly counseled. As an officer at the military processing center said, "By far the great majority left for personal reasons." So while the clemency program has helped many of these people and could help many more if it were given a longer life, it hasn't reached the many who willfully disobeyed the government out of conviction.

The Blind Eye

More than a year ago Sens. Clifford Case and Frank Church sponsored legislation, approved by Congress, barring the use of American tax dollars "to finance directly or indirectly combat activities by US military forces in or over or from off the shore of North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia." Evidence accumulated since then, however, plainly indicates that the administration is violating that prohibition in fact and in spirit. A key question is whether Congress will now take steps to compel the Executive to enforce the law, or whether it is going to tolerate a lawless abuse of authority as it has so often done in the past.

The question was raised the other day in a speech by Rep. Les Aspin (D, Wisc.) cataloguing various aspects of US involvement in a war that has been raging in Cambodia since the spring of 1970. Our government is currently providing the Lon Nol regime with more than $700 million in military and economic assistance, and, according to Aspin, helping in that war effort. Among other things, US advisers are working with the Cambodian army, and the American ambassador in Pnompenh, John G. Dean, does not hesitate to give strategic or tactical advice to Lon Nol and his commanders. American pilots engage in aerial reconnaissance over Cambodia for the purpose of providing the Cambodians with bombing targets, and US aircraft are used to deploy and supply Cambodian troops. In addition the US has been training Cambodian pilots at a base in neighboring Thailand. The administration admits to some of these activities but claims that they do not transgress the law. A more telling admission that the will of Congress is being flouted is obliquely reflected in the fact that members of the US army and air force serving in Cambodia will have this year received $1.8 million in combat pay, though, we are told, they are not in combat. It is all reminiscent of earlier days when US military men in Vietnam were supposed to be playing boy scout.

It may be, as Aspin emphasized in his speech on the floor of the House, that "the burden of proof is now on the administration" to tell the truth about US involvement in Cambodia. But the job of forcing the administration to come clean belongs to Congress. We suggest the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and its counterpart in the House investigate the present state of the US commitment to Indochina. For Congress to pass laws and then turn a blind eye to their violation is irresponsible and exposes the legislature once again to the legitimate charge that it is little more than a debating society.

Televising Congress

Sen. Lee Metcalf of Montana, chairman of the Joint Committee on Congressional Operations, last week introduced a resolution that, if passed by the Senate, would authorize a year-long test of radio and television broadcasting of the upper chamber's floor debates. Ironically none of the three network television news shows that night (December 9) reported that fact, nor did *The Washington Post* or *The New York Times* the next morning. If Capitol Hill newsmen ignored the story because they thought Metcalf's resolution had no chance of being approved, they have another think coming. At the last minute Metcalf picked up as cosponsors Sen. Robert Byrd, Democratic Whip of the Senate and de facto floor leader, and Sen. Hugh Scott, the Republican chief. Byrd and Scott are important for reasons beyond their leadership positions. Both are members of the nine-man Senate Rules Committee, which will take up the measure.

For years the major networks have been requesting the Senate and House to allow live coverage of major debates and votes. The rules in both bodies prohibiting such exposure were drawn up at a time when strong leaders such as Speaker Sam Rayburn resented having legislative deliberations under the camera's candid eye. The rules have remained untouched, though television has grown to be the prime news source for most Americans. As Presidents took to using television more and more to press their causes, Congress—an equal branch—was in no position to respond with equal force. Sen. Byrd has pointed out the incongruity: "Where a struggle exists over spending authority, the President can use television to veto a bill in full view of the American population—he can take what conceivably could be a private act and make it public. The subsequent Senate vote," Byrd went on, "to override or sustain the veto, however, cannot be seen by the general public, only by the 425 persons

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accommodated by the public gallery."

Watergate and the televised impeachment hearings of the House Judiciary Committee helped to demonstrate the power of TV to the Congress. To the surprise and pleasure of the House leadership, most of the committee members appeared on the screen as serious, thoughtful men and women. Prior to Mr. Nixon's resignation the House Democratic leadership—long opposed to the introduction of television—made final preparations to allow microphones and cameras to cover floor debate of the expected impeachment resolution. On the Senate side, with the active support of Robert Byrd and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, it was a foregone conclusion that cameras would be on hand to televise the impeachment trial.

And yet an undercurrent of congressional opposition still runs against the type of coverage proposed by Metcalf. There is anxiety that the mere presence of cameras will turn Congress, as it has party conventions, into a "media event." There's anxiety that TV may force members to come to the floor when they should be doing committee work, or that network news programs may distort floor action by selective use of taped debates, or that cameras will focus on embarrassing situations.

Recognizing this, the Metcalf proposal sets up a test for one year, giving the Senate a chance to see how broadcasters use their new liberty. At first cameras in the Senate chamber would be turned on for a 60-day trial period, with receivers set up in strategic spots such as the Senate cloakroom and areas within the Capitol and senate office buildings. After 60 days continuous television coverage would be initiated and networks and local broadcasters would be permitted to use excerpts from the tapes in news shows and documentaries. Live coverage would be allowed only in special situations.

In Florida and Connecticut public television broadcasts state legislative proceedings. Both states found that after a time the legislators managed to forget the cameras. No doubt when the cameras first appear on the Senate floor, they will be inhibiting. For a while, the old casualness, the few impromptu outbreaks in heated debate, the delays that permit compromise will be replaced by an attempt to appear more orderly. But as a former Senate official and now a Washington lawyer, Harry McPherson, told Metcalf's committee last spring, "I suspect that in time [Senators] will come to realize that their viewers, their voters, are sophisticated enough to understand that some compromise is necessary in public life, as it is in private life. And that will free them to be the natural political animals they are."

A major unanswered question was raised by Rep. Claude Pepper of Florida at the Metcalf hearings. "There might come a time that we found abuse," he said, "that we found [the networks] were only putting the Democrats on, only putting the Republicans on, and not giving fair coverage." To Pepper, opening the Senate floor to television cameras is a "privilege" to be granted by Congress to the networks, not a right. And for that "privilege," the networks, he believes, should be held accountable for their coverage. If there is one long-term journalistic danger in the Metcalf plan, it is precisely that network newsmen would be held accountable to Senate-approved "procedures . . . to ensure that broadcast coverage is carried out in a nonpartisan manner and is fair and equitable in recording the views of members participating in floor proceedings."

Rockefeller

As expected, the Senate by an overwhelming vote (90-7) last week approved the vice presidential nomination of Nelson Rockefeller. The House is expected to follow suit. There was intense questioning of Mr. Rockefeller's many gifts and loans, but the ultimate finding was that while on occasion he had been imprudent or thoughtless, he had not used his great wealth to suborn public officials or buy favors for himself. The argument, made by Sen. Gaylord Nelson, that by virtue of the enormity of the family's holdings, Rockefeller stood convicted of seeking to "monopolize the marketplace or conspire to control it" deserved no more sympathy than it got. The nominee came through as an affable, self-assured, talkative man with an honest urge to serve the country, and he has served it, though not always well. He did not serve it well by refusing to intervene personally during the worst hours of the prison riots in Attica. He did not serve it well by his never-ending support of US military action in Indochina.

At issue finally, however, was not whether Nelson Rockefeller was the most qualified person to be Vice President of the United States, but whether Gerald Ford could be expected to nominate anyone more qualified. We don't think he could.

White House Watch

Making Ford's Mark

During a period when President Ford was making the most for himself of his arms discussions with Leonid Brezhnev at Vladivostok and conferring or preparing to confer with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, Israeli Foreign Minister Yigal Allon and French President Valery Giscard d'Estaing, Mr. Ford also was approving the final details of a White House

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staff reorganization, agonizing over how far to go in replacing the Cabinet that he inherited from Richard Nixon, thinking about how to use Nelson Rockefeller in the vice presidency without being overwhelmed, and working out with advisers and assistants some substitutes for manifestly inadequate economic and energy programs. It was a fantastically busy time at the White House, a time when the President was observed in varied forms and degrees of stress. It therefore was a good time for a reporter to seek impressions of how Gerald Ford appeared to associates at the end of the first four months of his unprecedented and accidental presidency.

A frequently remarked impression is that Mr. Ford was more strongly struck after he returned from Vladivostok, Seoul and Tokyo than he had previously been with the spoken and printed criticism, in Congress and in the media, of the leadership he has provided since he replaced Richard Nixon on August 9. The new President is said to be more puzzled than troubled by the criticism, and at the same time determined to alleviate and disprove the criticism. He is said to be determined above all to place the mark of Gerald Ford upon the Ford administration without succumbing to the advice and temptation to sacrifice, at the risk of lifelong harm, good men who served his discredited predecessor and the country well.

His puzzlement goes to a feeling, one that says much about Mr. Ford, that under the most difficult circumstances he offered Congress, the media, the public a leadership that has not been fairly recognized and followed. New Presidents normally have nearly three months between election and inauguration for planning their presidencies. Mr. Ford had a few days at the most, a few hours at the least, depending upon whether you believe his account or that of others (departed White House staff chief Alexander Haig in particular) of the specific notice he had that Richard Nixon was about to resign. In terms of expectation and secret preparation he had more time than most new Presidents have. But it's fair enough to claim, as his people do, that in terms of hard notice he really had no transition time at all. It is from this perception that Mr. Ford's sense of injury is said to rise. He feels that he has tried every known form of leadership and that none has worked. He left it to Congress to act, and Congress didn't. He offered it an anti-inflation program on October 8, and Congress ignored it. He revived and supported President Nixon's energy supply and conservation proposals and added some, none very impressive, of his own, and they were largely neglected. So what is he to do?—the presumably reflective complaint among his assistants runs. He is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. That has never been a persuasive line, at the White House or anywhere else, but the inquirer hears a lot of it at the Ford White House. One hears more of it, in fact, than I heard in five and one-half years at the Nixon White House. A survivor of the Nixon time at the White House, a fellow who has lived with (though not in) Congress for many years, said in comment upon the tendency among both Republicans and Democrats in Congress to blame Mr. Ford for a failure of leadership without offering any of its own, "the best thing that Congress does is nothing." He meant that Congress as an institution, and particularly the next House of Representatives with its host of first-term members, is inherently unequipped to provide the leadership and the programs that Mr. Ford is taxed with not providing. The merits of Mr. Ford's performance to date apart, and it seems to me to have been pretty feeble, the quoted White House assistant had a point that is all too likely to be proved sound in 1975.

One of the most interesting facets of the President's behavior after he returned from his visits to Tokyo, Seoul and Vladivostok was his effort to show himself independent of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger without disassociating himself from Kissinger or undercutting Kissinger. It was a difficult act, rather like a dog on two legs sniffing at its trainer, but Mr. Ford brought it off with considerable grace. In an interview with *Newsweek* after he returned from Vladivostok, Mr. Ford in his account of the arms negotiations with Brezhnev seldom mentioned Kissinger and suggested that the negotiations were in a deadlock at a point (the midnight of the first evening's talks) when Kissinger indicated in Vladivostok that they were close to sensational success. Kissinger was in Peking finding out what if anything was left of the US-Chinese accommodation built upon his personal standings with sick Chou En-lai and aging Mao Tse-tung, when Mr. Ford briefed the joint Republican-Democratic congressional leadership upon the Vladivostok negotiations. Several of Mr. Ford's assistants were pathetically proud of the skill with which they thought he did it without the company or assistance of Henry Kissinger. One of the attending assistants remembered that Mr. Ford turned once to Lieutenant General Brent Scowcroft, the President's deputy assistant for national security affairs, to check a point and Scowcroft answered, "That's right, sir." If General Scowcroft said it was right, it was right.

The Ford White House relationship with Nelson Rockefeller in the weeks and days preceding his prolonged interrogation and confirmation may have been very different from the personal Ford-Rockefeller relationship. About the latter, I know nothing. The White House relationship with Rockefeller and his staff was in effect nonexistent. Hugh Morrow and James Cannon, the Rockefeller assistants who were principally available to Mr. Ford's staff coordinator, Donald Rumsfeld, and his assistants said that Mr. Rockefeller had forbidden them to discuss with anyone at the White House anything connected with his functions and the staff structure that he intended to install when and if

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he became the nation's second appointed Vice President. Rumsfeld and his assistants had to devise a theoretical structure derived from the one authorized originally for Vice President Agnew and adapted, with considerable pain and friction, to the requirements of Vice President Ford when he succeeded Agnew. The start of the estrangement between Mr. Ford's chief assistant in the vice presidency and one of his chief assistants in the presidency, Robert Hartmann, and Mr. Nixon's second and last staff chief, General Alexander Haig, lay in the argument between them over what staff level Vice President Ford should be allowed. The outcome of that hassle—in essence that Vice President Ford could have about 10 more professional assistants than Agnew was allowed *if* Mr. Ford was willing to do without substantial secretarial and other supporting help—provides the basis of the staff projected for Vice President Rockefeller. Because of his refusal to indicate any staff nominees before he is confirmed, his people will come aboard as consultants and be put as fast as possible through the security and other checks that must be completed before they attain the status of salaried federal employees. So far as I could determine in mid-December, the inescapable question of whether Rockefeller will be allowed to supplement his federally paid staff with a personally paid staff had not been raised or discussed at the White House. The assumption at a high staff level was that he would not be allowed to do it or want to do it in view of his difficulties with personal beneficence at his confirmation hearings.

Mr. Ford and Donald Rumsfeld, sweating out the Rockefeller problems, more or less simultaneously worked out a series of senior staff and Cabinet changes. The primary object of the staff exercise, which Rumsfeld intends at this writing to explain at a White House press conference, is to put the President in a position to say that no Nixon assistants remain in responsible positions at the White House as of January 1. That is a mildly absurd claim, the chief Nixon holdovers at the White House being Messrs. Ford and Rumsfeld, not to mention Rumsfeld's chief assistant, Richard Cheney; his personally chosen White House and government-wide personnel man, William Walker, and others too numerous to list here. They are capable people, no reflection intended, apart from a profound weariness, on my part, with the media and congressional preoccupation with "Nixon holdovers" and the fallacy that they are inherently disqualified. My information as of December 10 is that Mr. Ford has decided to replace two members of his Cabinet and is resisting the arguments of Donald Rumsfeld, Robert Hartmann and John Marsh among others on his senior staff, that he ought to replace several more department heads in order to put the Ford stamp on the Ford administration.

Here you have to distinguish between Cabinet members and assistants with Cabinet status. Roy Ash, director of the Office of Management and Budget, has Cabinet status by grace of the President and is to be replaced. I'm authoritatively advised to believe reports that James T. Lynn, a Nixon holdover who was Secretary of Commerce and lately has been Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, will replace Ash. I believe these things when they happen. Kenneth Cole, who succeeded John Ehrlichman as director of the Domestic Council, is resigning at his own initiative. His deputy and another Nixon holdover, James Cananaugh, deserves to succeed him and it's widely assumed at the White House at this writing that he will. He won't and that is too bad. My impression is that the Domestic Council directorship is being reserved for somebody chosen by Nelson Rockefeller, the council and its staff being among the very few areas of government where a Vice President may reasonably be expected to do much of use beyond presiding over the Senate and continuing to breathe with constructive regularity.

Rumsfeld is about to announce the areas of responsibility that he and the President have assigned to nine members of the senior staff, along with assurance that it's all in the interest of orderly presidential processes and a damn sight better than what went on when Rumsfeld was an assistant to Richard Nixon. What interests me more is the essence of the explanation offered as to why Mr. Ford is so reluctant to clean out the Nixon Cabinet. An amalgam of several opinions heard at the White House is that President Ford is instinctively and fundamentally opposed to abrupt and cruel change. In time, yes, which is to say well and usefully before the 1976 presidential campaign. Mr. Ford is a professional politician and compromiser, accustomed in those capacities to making do with what he has. What he has and Mr. Nixon left him isn't too bad in most instances. He intends to follow his better or anyhow his true nature, which is to go slow and easy with Cabinet changes. So I'm told, and how wrong I and my informants could be!

John Osborne

Everything Hunky-dory In Kansas City

Kansas City, Mo.

The Democratic midterm convention here was a dry run for 1976, with candidates rushing from caucus to caucus, plying delegates with liquor and fighting for floor passes for staff. The ostensible purpose of the gathering—to institutionalize procedural changes that will "open up the party"—was shoved into the background until the closing hours. Most of those decisions had been made earlier and had been endorsed by most

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of the party hierarchy, including National Chairman Robert S. Strauss, the Great Unifier.

Of course reforms have to be implemented, and that was what the last-minute argument at Kansas City was about. Blacks, women and Latinos were upset because of a phrase that said that the makeup of a delegation to the national convention wasn't "prima facie evidence" of discrimination. That was the language that had been adopted by the Democratic governors, who assumed it was agreeable to the three groups. It became apparent here that it wasn't. Leaders of the three caucuses went to delegates from the United Auto Workers, Communications Workers, Machinists and American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, who in turn went to the governors to complain. National Chairman Strauss, long known for his fidelity to elected officials and determined to have a unified convention, agreed to support whatever the governors decided. At the prompting of Florida's Gov. Reuben Askew, the governors agreed to a compromise that took the objectionable language out and won the backing of 80 to 90 percent of the delegates. The mini-rebellion was over.

Arizona's Rep. Morris K. Udall was the most visible presidential candidate and probably made the most progress. He did it on a meager budget of $4000, not an inconsiderable feat since the campaign reform law he played a role in passing limits each presidential candidate to spending no more than $10 million through the national convention. Ten million dollars sounds like a lot, but it doesn't allow for frills: a serious candidate has to save a minimum of one million dollars for the California primary alone. Udall threw no parties, though he had a small reception room at the Muehlebach and a booth at the auditorium. For visibility he stocked both with buttons and plastic shopping bags. No one else thought of anything that inexpensive. Hundreds wore his buttons. (The supply ran out the first day.) His staff is pushing "voluntarism" and put it into practice at Kansas City. Only four or five had their way paid. Another 70 to 80 came here on their own.

Since Mondale's withdrawal Udall's strategy has shifted to that of a front-runner. He is already committed to entering the New Hampshire primary, and a good half of its delegation here was boosting him. His next stop will be Wisconsin where Gov. Pat Lucey and other party leaders are urging Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D) to get in the race. Few believe Nelson wants to be President badly enough, however, to go through a campaign, and Udall wooed the Wisconsin delegation with some success. One delegate said, "I'd go with Gaylord but I'm not sure he'll do it and Udall is my second choice." The Arizonan plans to spend several days in Wisconsin next month.

COMING: Milton Gwirtzman on the cloudy crystal ball of economic forecasters

It would be far from accurate to say that Udall swept the so-called liberal contingents off their feet. Many are convinced there's room for another "liberal" in the race and they want to wait to see who it will be. It won't be McGovern, and probably not Birch Bayh, who dropped by the California caucus and received a rousing welcome, but he isn't pushing.

Udall is convinced he can't be elected or even nominated if he dots the "i's" and crosses the "t's" to the liking of the intensely issue-oriented elements on the party's left. At bottom he recognizes that his party is necessarily a coalition of diverse though not antithetical groups, and that in so varied and large a nation, no party can win that is not truly representative of national feeling. He intends to work out from the middle as the candidate most acceptable to the liberals. Nevertheless he can't just run on his Lincolnesque looks or sense of humor or pleas for unity: unity isn't a platform but is the result of a program. And so Udall soon must identify his issues, trusting they will ring true to a majority. His reluctance to raise the liberal banner sparked talk here of a strategy of running a candidate such as Ramsey Clark, who could excite the activists and sew up delegates who then might be thrown to the most acceptable candidate in a brokered convention, perhaps even to Udall.

Compared to Sen. Jackson, Udall was a smashing success. To put the Jackson reception at Kansas City in perspective, one must recall the scenario his backers had in mind. They had played a major role in replacing Chairwoman Jean Westwood with Strauss. The Charter Commission had been packed to their satisfaction. They were sure the reforms, particularly on affirmative action, would be gutted. They never thought the party's "left" was for real and were confident of overwhelming it with the help of Al Barkan's boys at the AFL-CIO, when it came time to pick delegates to the Kansas City meeting. They expected some help from the Wallaceites, who were gearing up for a major drive to send their people here.

Nothing in that scenario found its way into the Kansas City script. Under the practiced hand of ex-Gov. Terry Sanford of North Carolina, the Charter Commission had put together a document that institutionalized the major McGovern guidelines. The week of the convention Strauss put his stamp of approval on that document and guided it through a special rules committee with a minimum of change. There was nothing left for such Jackson allies as Barkan to do but slip away quietly, which is what Barkan did. A friend saw him come into the deserted lobby of the Muehlebach Hotel at 7 am Sunday. He

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called out "Hi, Al." Barkan turned to him, his mouth opened, nothing came out, and he turned to check out.

There is some evidence that Jackson has lost ground, particularly across the South and Southwest. Many delegates with oil incomes or constituencies shook their heads firmly when Jackson was mentioned and put themselves on the side of Texas' Lloyd Bentsen. In these areas Jackson and Bentsen are fighting for the same constituency and Bentsen is chipping away. Jackson still does command strong support. He was well received at the Illinois caucus, where Mayor Richard Daley called him "an outstanding American" and Jackson reminded Daley's cheering charges that his state of Washington voted unanimously to seat the Daley delegation at Miami Beach. "I think we were the only ones who did," Jackson said. Jackson didn't put on a mob scene at the bar as Bentsen did with his reception for 5000, said to cost $20,000. But a steady stream of delegates rounded up by several dozen Washington lawyer-lobbyists made their way through Jackson's trailer in the exhibit area (where Udall also had a booth), picked up a drink or two and had snatches of conversation with the candidate.

For charm, no one matched Georgia's Gov. Jimmy Carter and his sons. The party's happy warrior, Hubert Humphrey, was everywhere and always available for long interviews with the press, but he wasn't talking like a candidate. Since most Minnesotans have come to believe there's a constitutional requirement that their state have a candidate, and with Mondale out of it, Humphrey was pushing Gov. Wendell Anderson. Terry Sanford waited until Sunday afternoon to call delegates from the floor to ask them to head up his campaign. Sanford has a critical problem, however. If he can't whip Wallace in North Carolina, he can't be taken seriously. Yet his state's primary comes too late in the spring to use it as a launching pad for a national effort, so Sanford must decide whether or not to go national without first erasing his 1972 state defeat by Wallace. He is said to be inclined to wade right into the New Hampshire primary.

Wallace had little impact here. His forces were able to elect only a handful of delegates. He had little power on the floor. He flew in early, greeted delegates and met the press in his suite on Friday, and then left before the convention was gaveled into session Saturday morning. But since he'll be able to garner a lot more delegates from primaries in 1976 than he could in 1972, the brevity of his appearance should give no comfort to his adversaries.

Paul R. Wieck

Political Back-Scratching

Bribery and Contributions

by Brooks Jackson

Writing about "Money and Politics," this journal's editors said recently that the American political game is not "fixed" by corporate special interest, that there are "strong countervailing pressures in the political money market." True as far as it goes; these days, the government owns the railroads instead of the other way around. Nevertheless money still talks big and often irresponsibly.

Not all special interest groups are bad; most of them are a good influence. They get their money in small, voluntary donations from carpenters, machinists, doctors, dairy farmers, bank executives, teachers, who are thus drawn into politics. There are literally hundreds of such political action committees registered at the national level—572 at last count. Most are small. In a given election year only a handful ever raise as much as $100,000. Even some of the big ones act in a pretty responsible manner. The life insurance lobby, for example, has spent $232,841 this year on politics, but its most recent contributions included none higher than $500 to any single candidate. It is hard to imagine buying a congressman for that, inflation being what it is.

The trouble begins when a special interest group has huge assets and a pointed interest in a particular piece of legislation. The American Medical Association, for example, wants badly to influence the shape of national health insurance. By the calculations of Morton Mintz of *The Washington Post*, the AMA's state and federal arms have distributed $1.5 million to 300 con-

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gressional candidates since the 1972 election. AMA money frequently is given in chunks of $5000 or so. Lately it is going to sponsors of the AMA's medicredit bill at twice the rate that it is going to nonsponsors. One must at least infer that the AMA is influencing these legislators, or rewarding them. There is no "strong countervailing pressure" from sick people.

Granted, there is money on the other side. The United Auto Workers favor more liberal health care legislation than does the AMA, and the union has spent $862,000 on politics this year. But the auto workers have a range of interests and aren't likely to abandon an otherwise acceptable congressman just because he votes "wrong" on health insurance. Judging from the 1974 AMA spending reports, a congressman risks losing AMA support if he fails to *sponsor* their legislation.

The use of special-interest money sometimes gets downright close to bribery and may yet lead to prosecutions in the case of dairy trusts. In that case, it will be recalled, Harold Nelson and David Parr of Associated Milk Producers, Inc. promised the Nixon White House they would funnel two million dollars into the President's reelection campaign. (No countervailing pressure from milk drinkers here.) Nixon raised milk prices—apparently to beat Congress to the punch—and there is evidence that the White House then squeezed a reaffirmation of the two million dollar promise out of Nelson just before the price hike was announced publicly. The dairymen then delivered several hundred thousand dollars to Nixon and might have given even more if his fund-raisers hadn't been so slow in providing the secret conduits.

Is that bribery? The House Judiciary Committee didn't think so, but 16 of its members got donations from the same dairy groups, so they weren't exactly disinterested. Before Nixon was pardoned, the Watergate special prosecution force said in court that a possible bribery and conspiracy case might be brought in connection with the affair.

Federal law provides penalties for two different kinds of bribery. First there's the outright purchase of government favors. The law provides up to five years in jail and a $20,000 fine for an official found guilty of taking anything valuable "in return for . . . being influenced in his performance of any official act." The second prohibits an official from taking anything of value "for or because of" any official act, even if he would have performed the act anyway in the normal course of his duties. This goes by the legal name of an "illegal gratuity," although it falls under the same general heading of bribery. In one case that went to the Supreme Court, a tax accountant was convicted of illegal gratuities because he gave "Christmas gifts" of $25 and $50 to Internal Revenue agents who went easy in auditing his clients. The intent of the illegal gratuity law is to prohibit a more subtle form of corruption than the outright purchase of government favors.

As it is written, the illegal gratuity statute applies equally to tax agents, cabinet members, members of Congress and Presidents. John Connally was charged under the illegal gratuity section on grounds that he received two $5000 gifts from milk producers as a reward for his help in getting Nixon to raise price supports. It seems likely that Connally would have supported the dairymen's case with or without a gift, so no bribery case could be made out. But if he took the money, which he swears he did not, then he could be found guilty of taking a gratuity. The same principle applies to Connally as to the wayward tax agent.

There is no conclusive ruling yet on whether an elected official can be prosecuted under the gratuity section for taking a *campaign contribution* "for or because of" an official act. The Supreme Court seemed to open the way for such prosecutions in 1972 when it ruled that the Constitution's speech or debate clause was no protection from prosecution for former Maryland Sen. Daniel B. Brewster, who was accused of taking bribes from the Spiegel mail-order firm in return for sponsoring legislation opposed to an increase in postal rates. Brewster was tried for bribery but convicted of the lesser charge of taking gratuities. The US Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia overturned that conviction last August on grounds that the trial judge had confused the jury with his explanation of the differences between bribes, gratuities and legal campaign donations. The appeals court then gave its own ruminations on the subject, volunteering the opinion that campaign donations probably can't be construed as gratuities because of two words in the law. The gratuity section, unlike the bribery section, forbids an official to take anything valuable "for himself." The bribery section forbids him to take such gifts "for himself or for any other person or entity." The appeals court said that any donations given to a legally constituted campaign committee can't be gratuities unless the prosecutor can prove the committee was an "alter ego" for the congressman, or was used as a conduit. (In Brewster's case he was accused of passing some of the money through a committee account and into his personal account.)

The maritime labor unions present another, more recent example of quasi-bribery by a well funded lobby. These unions held combined political assets well in excess of one million dollars and used them in an unusually ruthless manner on behalf of a bill that would mean thousands of jobs for union seamen. Passed by both houses, it would require eventually that 30 percent of the nation's oil imports travel in American flagships, manned of course by union crews. The bill was opposed editorially by newspapers of such diverse viewpoints as *The Wall Street Journal*, *New York Daily News* and *The Washington Post*.

So far this year, the unions have contributed more

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than $500,000 to 170 members of the Senate and House who supported the bill and only $28,400 to 22 who voted against it. The largest donation, $22,000, went to Sen. Russell B. Long (D, La.) who guided the bill to passage in the Senate. Were the donations to Long and others given "for or because of" their support for the bill? If it is bad public policy to allow an IRS agent to take a $25 gift for a soft tax audit, is it not as bad to let a senator take $20,000 while helping to get more government subsidies for a maritime union that gave the money? It is probably worse, because the public treasury loses hundreds of millions of dollars in maritime subsidies but only a relative handful of dollars through the chiseling of a single IRS agent.

Except in the most flagrant cases, the way to prevent this sort of influence is not through bribery prosecutions. The cure is either to limit the size of special-interest donations or to eliminate them entirely.

As a practical matter the new campaign law does neither, and will make matters worse than they are. It will limit donations by individuals to $1000 per election, but will permit "political committees" to give $5000 per election. So any special interest group can donate $10,000 to a candidate—$5000 in the primary and $5000 in the general. In the case of the dairy trusts, since there are three of them and they often act in concert, the practical limit would be $30,000 per candidate, which is a lot of money. In actual practice there may turn out to be no limits whatsoever on the amount of money a single interest group can give; the definition of "political committee" is so sloppy that any one group could multiply itself, amoeba fashion, setting up many committees. The new federal elections commission might forestall this with a few strict rulings. But it might not.

he situation is likely to degenerate further if new interests begin to follow the lead of the dairy and maritime trusts. Did Pan American fail to get a subsidy? Perhaps it should set up a political fund and raise one million dollars or so from its employees. That would help put it on an equal footing with the subsidized merchant marine. Already dentists, optometrists and nursing home managers have followed the AMA's example by setting up their own funds. New committees register every week.

Common Cause wants public financing of congressional races as well as presidential elections. This would solve the problem of quasi-bribery by a few irresponsible lobbies, but it would also have some bad side effects. It would wipe out the hundreds of political institutions that now bring small donors into the democratic process. It would force some money underground, although there is almost certainly a lot of it there already. And it would lead to an ugly public reaction against the inevitable new kind of campaign abuse it would breed: the fraudulent candidacy. Inevitably some of the thousand or so subsidized candidacies would be exposed as mere schemes to tap the treasury through nepotism, phony vouchers, padded payrolls and kickbacks.

The alternative is to try putting strict, enforceable limits on spending by interest groups. The first step would be to limit each such group to a single, national political committee, much as the new law limits each candidate to one major campaign committee. Interest groups might also be permitted to have state-level committees if their money is raised, controlled and spent on the state level, and they are not used as devices for avoiding spending limits. Transfers of money between state and national committees should be prohibited as a safeguard against cheating.

The second step would be to put a more stringent limit on the amount any interest group committee may give a congressional candidate. The new limit of $5000 per election is too high for a House race, where a candidate will be prohibited from spending any more than $70,000 per election. Even if a candidate spent the limit, he could get it all from as few as 14 lobbyists, or seven if each of them controlled both a state and a national committee. That puts too much power in the lobbyists' checkbooks.

The $5000 limit is probably reasonable for a Senate race in a big state, where legal limits will run up to $1.7 million. A good formula might be to restrict interest-group gifts to one percent of the candidate's legal spending limit, with an absolute ceiling of $5000. This would work out to $700 per election for a House candidate, $1000 for a Senate candidate in a small-state primary, $2548 for a Senate candidate in the Connecticut general election, and $5000 for a Senate candidate in New York and California. Basically, no group should be allowed to give a congressman a sum so large he would fear losing it.

Strictly enforced, such a scheme would encourage formation of state-level committees, making it a little harder for journalists to keep track of the money but also broadening the base of political financing. Another effect would be to encourage more candidates to stir themselves to raise their *own* small donations instead of letting the unions, the dairy co-ops or the AMA do it for them. A lot of candidates this year operated under self-imposed limits on the size of donations. Ramsey Clark in New York took no more than $100, Ed Edmondson in Oklahoma no more than $700. They both lost, but they financed their campaigns. Pete du Pont in Delaware raised more than $100,000 in small donations. The electoral process need not depend on COPE or AMPI for its solvency.

Lobbyists look for loopholes with about the same fervor that lifers plot jailbreaks, so enforcement of strict limits on special interest contributions may eventually prove unworkable. If that happens, public financing would be worth a try. In any case some further refinements of our mixed system should be considered before the 1976 congressional campaigns.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead
The Island

(Edison)

Athol Fugard's *Boesman and Lena*, which was presented in New York four years ago, is one of the best new plays I have seen in my life (*TNR*, July 25, 1970). I saw the play again in London as directed by Fugard himself. (Here it had been John Berry.) Then Fugard spent an afternoon showing me color slides of a production he had devised back home in South Africa with a few actors—white, like himself—and no predetermined script. They had all collaborated on working out a play based on a tragic event in their country's racial agony.

Since then Fugard has devised two more plays with South African actors—black this time, two men, who are the only members of the company. John Kani and Winston Ntshona joined Fugard in 1972 and with him worked out *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead* and *The Island*, which were first presented in Capetown, then brought to London, were afterward toured around Britain and Ireland and back to London, then were brought to the Long Wharf in New Haven and thence to an off-Broadway theater which is right in the Broadway area.

Both plays, now alternating in repertory, are done with minimal scenery—some bits of furniture, a few props, some modulated lighting. Apparently, and effectively, a parallel is intended between the productions themselves and the austerity of their subject. The two plays have now presumably been articulated to the full but without in the least becoming works of rote, as conventional plays may do after long runs. Except for a brief improvised section at the beginning of *Sizwe Banzi*, the plays are fixed now; but the pitch of intensity in them—partly due to the fact, I'm sure, that Fugard travels with them—is extraordinary.

Both plays are drawn from the innermost feelings of three gifted and committed men. So it's something more than sad to report that, for me, both plays are disappointing. *Sizwe Banzi* is about a black man who is constrained by the passbook laws to leave Port Elizabeth, where he might make a living, and return to his native town, where he will not. He and a clever friend find a valid passbook on a dead man, and switch photos. Sizwe Banzi is thus able to remain, send for his wife and children, and support them. The price he pays is his identity: he must become Robert Zwelinsima, as per the dead man's book.

Now this might make a good ironic short play of 30 minutes or so. But it begins with a very long monologue, about two-fifths of the play, by the Port Elizabeth photographer who eventually takes a picture of the "new" man. This photographer has been a Ford employee (as has John Kani, who plays him), and he rambles on about his experiences at the white man's factory, his struggle to become a photographer and his pleasure in doing pictures of black families. Buried in this ramble are a few glints of relevance, but mostly it seems a consciously theatrical attempt to break down formal realistic theater by addressing the audience and bringing members of it up on stage briefly—devices by now so familiar that their triteness works against the freshness that is aimed at. And Kani's deliberately oversmiling presentation hovers between parody of actor-salesmanship and the thing itself.

The convenience of the dead man, in Sizwe's path just when he needs a passbook, is another theater contrivance that distracts us from the truth of the subject. And, in a quite different way, so does the harassed Sizwe's long speech in which he declares that he is a man like any other man, stripping off his clothes as he tells us and holding up his penis to prove it. The starkness seemed as strained as the contrivance of the dead man, just another device.

The Island is Robben Island, a penal colony off Cape Town. The two men are cellmates. The play begins with a long pantomime passage of excruciatingly hard labor to which the convicts are condemned, followed by a scene of close physicality in their cell, in which they tend each other's aches and ailments—both scenes reminiscent of the work that the Open Theater has done under Joseph Chaikin, fortified here by grim fact and the actors' commitment to proclaiming it. (That may not be artistically "fair," but it happens.) Ntshona is in for life; Kani, whose sentence is much less, is told in the course of the play that his sentence has been reduced to only three months more.

The two men are going to do a two-character version of *Antigone* at the prison "concert." I found this incredible. I don't maintain—how could I?—that two such black prisoners would never have heard of the play or would never have wanted to do it; but as presented, it was incredible, a touch of extrinsically applied analogy. Their preparations for the play—Kani trying to teach the slower-witted friend the scenario, the horseplay with fake bosom and straw wig—were, to speak gently, attenuated.

Yet, paradoxically, Kani and Ntshona do their imaginative best once they get into the *Antigone* scene, the former swollen with pride of place as Creon, the latter managing dignity at last in the silly wig and padding.

But after both evenings I was left with a few memorable moments and, as noted, much disappointment. The chief trouble is simultaneously the chief emotional asset: the conditions out of which these plays grow. The facts of South African apartheid are as well known, in essence, as they are ever going to be to those who are interested in knowing them; and these plays do little more than elaborate, without deepening our insight into, those facts. And even those facts are interfered with by the staginess, old and avant-garde, described above. Even more disappointing, because more centrally relevant to the work of making plays out of this material in the first place,

(continued on page 26)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. If there's such a thing as an instant classic, this is it. Fellini's exquisite, funny, ironic poem about the small town of his youth.

Antonia. A good one-hour documentary about a fine woman—Antonia Brico, the orchestral conductor who, as woman, was ahead of her time.

I. F. Stone's Weekly. Now playing some places with *Antonia.* Another good one-hour documentary about a truth-addicted journalist.

Lenny. Bruce, that is. *Caution:* the script is tame anarchy, but the dazzling direction and the strong cast give it some bite.

SK

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Critic, Moralist, Writer

C. S. Lewis
by Roger Lancelyn Green and Walter Hooper

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $6.95)

It should be said at the start that this is a very limited biography. Deliberately not planned to be critical, it suffers from an exaggerated sense of awe and consequent reticence. Both Green and Hooper were close friends of Lewis, the former as pupil, sometime collaborator and long-time companion, the latter as secretary and confidant during Lewis' final illness. Green was originally slated to do the official biography, but Hooper's arrival on the scene and his deep involvement with Lewis' literary affairs clearly produced a somewhat awkward dual authorship; both men appear frequently in their own narrative, referring to themselves in the third person.

More significant is their often breathless tone when they refer to their subject. Green, it appears, seldom argued seriously with Lewis during his lifetime and neither biographer sees much reason to introduce differences now. They also respect Lewis' wishes about the privacy of his emotional life. As loyal friends they ought perhaps to be commended, but even without resorting to titillating details, it might still have been possible to limn the portrait of a great individual's soul. Quentin Bell's biography of his aunt told us a great deal more about Virginia Woolf than Green and Hooper do about Lewis.

The course they have chosen to follow sometimes reduces them to a simple paraphrase of Lewis' own books—especially in the early chapters where references to *Surprised By Joy* surface on every other page. It would be churlish, however, not to acknowledge the positive side of this procedure. At every turn the authors give way to Lewis' own words, from his books and articles, from his conversation and from many previously unpublished letters. Here is the man himself, full of the imaginative vigor that produced the elaborate animal world of Boxen in his early teens and that would later be transmuted into the fairy-tale world of Narnia; full, too, of a delight in argument that was to make him the foremost apologist for Christianity in the English-speaking world.

These two qualities, literary sensitivity and unrelenting logic, characterize Lewis' published works as they did his conversation and account, in large measure, for the enduring popularity, 11 years after his death, of his 40-odd books. *The Allegory of Love*, *The Discarded Image*, and *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century* will endure. Anyone studying medieval literature will inevitably come upon the first two, while the last must rank as the most engagingly written of all the tomes in the Oxford literary history series. It also contains, in a section on the English divines, the most concise and lucid analysis of the spirit of the Lutheran reform I have ever seen:

> *In reality, Tyndale is trying to express an obstinate fact which meets us long before we venture into the realm of theology; the fact that morality or duty (what he calls "the Law") never yet made a man happy in himself or dear to others. It is shocking, but it is undeniable. We do not wish either to be or to live among, people who are clean or honest or kind as a matter of duty: we want to be, and to associate with, people who like being clean and honest and kind.*

Much of Lewis is in those three sentences: his profound interest in religious questions; his peculiar ability to see, and capture in uncluttered prose, the bond that ties theological speculation to human experience; his insistence that Christianity is about a gift not a set of rules. The themes echo throughout his apologetic and inspirational works, and can be found as well, in mythic form, in his space trilogy and the Narnia tales. When he applied them to concrete cases, he sometimes sounded an eerily prophetic note, as in his famous essay on the allurements of the "Inner Ring."

Lewis, as critic, as moralist and as writer; that is how he will be remembered. But there is also Lewis the man: to find him we go to biographies. Bits and pieces can be found here: his enormous, lifelong affection for his brother as well as his uneasy and often stormy relationship with his father; or his curious ambivalence about women that resulted in years of domestic servitude to the mysterious Mrs. Moore (again the authors are less than helpful) but that flowered after her death in his brief but idyllic marriage to Joy Davidman. Hints and guesses, but in the end the man eludes his biographers. Green and Hooper are no Boswells—though their subject has been compared to the great doctor—and their attempts to capture the essential Lewis by piling up anecdotes and synopsizing his books were doomed from the start. Something less like hagiography and more like Erik H. Erikson's best examples of psychobiography will be needed to give us the complicated man behind all that print.

John B. Breslin

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Pure Vision

Orwell and the Left
by Alex Zwerdling

(Yale University Press; $10)

In the opening chapters of *Orwell and the Left*, Alex Zwerdling provides a useful summary of George Orwell's political attitudes and disputes. Quite properly, he emphasizes the contrast between Orwell's hostility to Soviet communism and the belated disenchantment of other intellectuals, like Stephen Spender and Arthur Koestler. "Orwell was never either a true believer or a turncoat," Zwerdling reminds us. His denunciation of the Communist party in *Homage to Catalonia* did not result from any sense of personal betrayal but from the bitterness he experienced over the betrayal of Spanish liberty. And while Orwell never softened his opposition to Soviet communism, he left Spain in 1937 a militant socialist.

This was not a paradoxical decision. As Orwell wrote in *The Road to Wigan*

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Pier, "socialism means justice and common sense." His regard for socialism had nothing to do with narrow allegiances to party or doctrine. When Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia employed similar institutions of repression, Orwell insisted that concentration camps could not be right and wrong simultaneously. Even during the war, when England and Russia were allies, Orwell chided intellectuals and journalists for ignoring Stalin's methods of terror. And though his most famous books, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, reflect his natural pessimism, they are not expressions of political disillusion or renunciations of a long-standing loyalty to socialism. He simply believed it was the duty of socialists "to make people act like socialists," to uphold justice and equality and not fear the truth.

Orwell once wrote that in a different age he would have produced "ornate or merely descriptive books." The decades in which he lived, however, forced a less esthetic, more political consciousness upon him that affected his intentions and methods as a writer. Zwerdling's analysis improves when he discusses Orwell's writing in the second part of *Orwell and the Left*. Here he offers a genuine critique of Orwell's success and failures, making crucial connections between his political objectives and literary techniques.

As Zwerdling makes clear, Orwell's novels are seriously flawed: "The need to inform and convince has displaced the novelist's obligation to imagine and invent." In *Coming Up for Air* or *The Clergyman's Daughter*, rather than simply telling the story, Orwell often interrupts the narrative with didactic commentary, anxious that his readers grasp the moral. In order to succeed, his fictional characters required a distance he could not assume when, as evidenced by *Homage to Catalonia* or the essay "Shooting an Elephant," Orwell had already created a hearty, believable figure—himself. Diluting that character into fiction never succeeded.

Raymond Williams has pointed out that "Orwell was his [own] most successful character." By deliberately experiencing the worst evils of his time—imperialism and war, poverty and revolution—Orwell shaped not only a social, but a literary consciousness as well. He realized the need to speak in his new voice, the voice of George Orwell, not the discarded Eric Blair, the son of a "lower upper-middle class family" who had served as a policeman in Burma for five years. So when relying on his own personality he transformed his experiences into literature, his essays "Shooting an Elephant" and "The Hanging" evoke the nature of imperialism with greater imagination and artistic focus than all of *Burmese Days*.

In the later essays, on Dickens and Tolstoy, on boys' weeklies and picture postcards, Orwell reveals an astute psychological sensibility alongside a fertile acquaintance with popular culture. Often his essays contradicted the conventional wisdom of his time, asked people to think differently about something they preferred not to think about at all. His own life had been a deliberate attempt to broaden his consciousness, to develop and then articulate a sympathetic imagination. When he reached the height of his literary powers, he was not about to compromise his resistance to popular beliefs. "If liberty means anything at all," he wrote in an introduction to *Animal Farm*, "it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear." He confessed that his age had turned him into "a sort of pamphleteer," that it gave him "an awareness of the enormous injustice and misery of the world, and a guilt-stricken feeling that one ought to be doing something about it." As a result, however, as Zwerdling reminds us, he could not pursue a purely esthetic attitude toward life. In his writing Orwell explored various forms, moving from novels and journalism to essays and criticism, trying to adapt his political objectives to his own particular esthetic standards. The range of his concerns and the vigor with which he pursued them confirm the integrity of Orwell's vision.

Joshua Rubenstein

JOSHUA RUBENSTEIN *is a free-lance critic who has contributed to* Commentary *and other journals.*

Westward Ho

The New Country: A Social History of the American Frontier, 1776-1890 by Richard A. Bartlett

(Oxford; $15.95)

As we contemplate the coming winter of shortage, it is psychologically comforting to rail against the oil magnets and their selfish appropriation of our natural resources. Similarly, in this year of international détente, it is becoming convenient to view our lingering involvement in Southeast Asia as a perverse aberration from previous American history. It would be so pleasing to slip back a decade and start over.

Such euphoria, captivating though it is, contradicts the basic direction of our history since the founding of the republic. In Bartlett's chronicle, we hear a different version of America's past: the story of an exploding population conquering the natives, seizing their lands, transforming the wilderness, building a new society in the new country. It is a narrative about American aggression—aimed against the indigenous peoples who inhabited the continent and against the continent itself.

In 1776 the population of the former British colonies approximated two and a half million; native Americans of North America probably exceeded that figure considerably. By the end of the 19th century, five generations later, the population of the United States approached 76 million, but the native peoples, victims of disease, starvation and massacre, had dwindled to 237,000. Those statistics bespeak a long century of genocidal politics. Yet Bartlett, like other academic historians, conceals that trend by offering much lower estimates of the original size of the native populations and by stressing the salutary effects of American expansionism.

Consider the matter of broken treaties. "Perhaps," writes Bartlett:

> *If several hundred years rather than a single century had been involved, the system of treaties stipulating land sales by the Indians to whites could*

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have prevented bloodshed and hatred. Possibly there could have evolved a better solution, though it would still have been inevitable that the Indians would eventually be deprived of their lands.

Given the author's easy acceptance of America's policy of *lebensraum*, one can only wonder, with more than a trace of awe, what he means by "a better solution."

The sense of historical destiny that justifies the destruction of human beings apparently does not apply to all aspects of creation. Bartlett, at least, proves more sympathetic to the uprooted forests and to the vanished species of wildlife. It is a striking commentary about our society that we wax poetic about the great auk and the passenger pigeon, the Labrador duck and the Carolina parakeet, but dismiss—in less than one sentence—the illegal and immoral removal of the Cherokee tribe as a troublesome inconvenience.

This insensitivity to cultural differences also undermines Bartlett's discussion of the ethnic minorities who participated in the westward migration. Here he perpetuates a series of WASP stereotypes which depict the Scotch-Irish as "restless," "independent," "impetuous," and "anti-intellectual," the Germans as "quieter, more methodical," the Irish as pugnacious and prone to drink. There is, typically, almost no reference to black Americans. Though the author acknowledges the barbaric treatment of Chinese immigrants, he eventually consigns them, too, to the great American melting pot. Implicitly it is a lesson in the superiority of WASP values and institutions.

Bartlett's analysis of the transportation revolution reveals a similar élitist bias. "Mobility was, and is, an integral part of freedom," he observes; "without it the whole concept, as Americans know it, would collapse." Yet geographical mobility, then as now, costs money. Poorer people seldom could afford to pull up stakes and head west—Horace Greeley's advice notwithstanding—and in times of economic depression the floodtide of migration slowed to a trickle. Frontier expansion, like the contemporary rush to suburbia, remained a middle-class affair. Somehow that simple truism gets lost amidst the details of Conestoga wagons, canal building and the grandeur of the transcontinental railroad.

Who indeed went west? According to census statistics, mostly white men. Perhaps that demographic fact explains the ruthless exploitation of the land and its resources. Certainly the frontiersmen demonstrated an unparalleled egocentrism in laying claim to the natural world. "He attacked the forest as unemotionally as a modern wrecker destroys an old house," Bartlett remarks. "He apparently felt no melancholy, no particular elation, no recognizable emotion save satisfaction at destroying it." This was a man's world then, breached only by a few exceptional women. The rest—wives and mothers—protected the hearths, cradled their babes and nodded in approval. Or so Bartlett would have it.

What is most disturbing about this book, however, is not the author's enthusiastic approval of the westward movement. It is, rather, the apparent neutrality of his language and his uncritical endorsement of the general patterns of American history. It is significant, for example, that the only rapes mentioned in the book are perpetrated against white women. It is annoying, if not outrageous, to read that Mexico deserved to lose the province of Texas. It is, finally, irresponsible to write about American expansionism as though it were both inevitable and progressive. The subtleties of these questions largely escape Bartlett's vision.

Nor is it apparent who he is addressing when he asks, in conclusion, "Didn't we have a helluva good time?" Presumably, he means the white men, who got their kicks butchering the land and some other living things.

Peter Carroll

PETER CARROLL *is coauthor (with David Noble) of* The Restless Centuries: A History of the American People *(Burgess, 1973).*

A Man for the 1970s

Jefferson, Nationalism, and the Enlightenment by Henry Steele Commager

(Braziller; $7.50)

Through the years that historian Henry Steele Commager has fought the good fight for civil rights and responsible government, he has been more concerned with the issues than abstractions, "with the sins of Boston, not of Babylon," as he wrote of his preacher-abolitionist hero, Theodore Parker, in a biography 38 years ago. All along, though, he has affirmed himself a Jeffersonian in principle. Now, in these essays, he pauses to explain what it was he had in mind; his Jefferson is a sleeper.

The great principle that Jefferson promoted, declares Commager, is that human beings can determine their own destiny, that they can triumph over history, that human nature can change in a favorable environment—in America, that is. Here he parted company with his friends of the European Enlightenment. Theirs was an elitist concept of progress, confined to the advancement of the arts and sciences and filtering down slowly from the top to the bottom of the social ladder. In America it meant the material welfare of the masses. The abundance of the new world had made it a reality—"milk for the children," says Commager, "meat on the table, a well-built house, a well-filled woodshed, a well-tilled farm with cattle in the pasture and hay in the barn. It meant self-government, religious freedom, schools and colleges." And it was no accident that Jefferson included "the pursuit of happiness" among the unalienable rights of Americans. He was in dead earnest. In Virginia he wiped out primogeniture and entailed estates—those holdovers of hereditary privilege, and unsuccessfully proposed a law to grant 50 acres of land to every propertyless (white) male. As President he multiplied the abundance by doubling the national domain. In retirement he capped his labors with the founding of the University of Virginia for the training of philosopher kings.

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guessed that his hands had molded it. Whatever happened to the Jefferson who maintained that that government is best which governs least, to the opponent of centralization and the champion of states' rights, the advocate even of the creation of "ward republics" as the bedrock local units where every citizen would participate in person? Commager would rather not dwell on that aspect. He would rather not hamper the capacity of government to cope with the problems of a mass industrial society. Yet there were, after all, two Jeffersons, and while the first may have been good for the 1930s, the second, the Jefferson of the Declaration of Independence, of the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, and of the Kentucky Resolutions against the Alien and Sedition Acts, may be better for the 1970s. The first can still help us to fight poverty, but the second, and the one to which Commager has given ample allegiance in practice, may nerve us to resist undeclared wars, discrimination based on race and sex, attacks on free speech and the press, and invasion of privacy.

All this is a way of saying that Jefferson was inconsistent, and in fact there was a third Jefferson that Commager knows but does not confront—the Jefferson of the credibility gap. The revisionist historians have been swarming over him; one of them (Leonard W. Levy in *Jefferson and Civil Liberties: The Darker Side*) has inspired Gore Vidal's peppery picture of him in the novel, *Burr*. We discover that Jefferson inveighed against slavery but supinely submitted to its public invulnerability and private gratification—never freeing his own or anybody else's slaves while encumbering his estate with the financial burdens of a lavish mansion, an expensive library, rare art treasures, and an endless stream of household guests. That he extolled civil liberties but as governor of Virginia signed into law a bill requiring loyalty oaths and the detention of the disaffected in internment camps, a bill limiting freedom of the press, and a bill of attainder. That he advocated a weak executive but as President conducted a dictatorial vendetta against Aaron Burr and his associates, prosecuting them for treason without sufficient evidence and attempting to obtain a conviction by intimidating the jury. That he demanded strict construction of the Constitution but purchased Louisiana under cover of the treaty-making power, fought a war against Tripoli

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without a declaration by Congress, and used the army arbitrarily against private citizens to enforce compliance with the embargo. That he argued for academic freedom but at the University of Virginia censored textbooks and professors for their political opinions.

Of course we could heed the advice of Jefferson's last message, left on his tombstone, to disregard the record of his administrations. But we have been instructed too expertly by a recent Chief Executive of blessed memory to watch what Presidents do, not what they say. If it's preaching we want we might do better to turn to Commager's other hero, the uncomplicated crusader for women's rights, world peace, and above all, abolitionism. He, too, proclaimed himself a Jeffersonian. Still we might prefer to pray with Parker.

Max M. Mintz

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Man to Dust

Expendable Americans by Paul Brodeur

(Viking; $8.95, $3.45 paper)

Muscle and Blood by Rachel Scott

(Dutton; $8.95)

These books report upon the state of our current protection against occupational disease, documenting man's shocking inhumanity to man. Large numbers of industrial workers are protected either inadequately or not at all against *disease* that they risk in the workplace, not accidents they might have through, say, their own carelessness. In general technology, the discovery of new chemicals and other materials, has created major health hazards for industrial workers and indeed all of us.

Paul Brodeur's book is the more specialized and calm of the two. It focuses on industries in which workers are exposed daily to asbestos dust—fibers in the air—and it explores in a very detailed way an incredible morass of collusion, stalling and muddleheadedness by government and industry which do little to protect workers against the risk of asbestosis, lung cancer and mesothelioma. Rachel Scott's book ranges more widely over various types of occupational diseases, and is a superb piece of writing to boot. Both books are informative and well researched; but Scott's has a tone of moral outrage (a tone entirely suitable to the topic) that Brodeur's lacks, and it is also more helpful to the lay reader on points of information about the various chemicals and materials, their uses, the health damage they can cause, and the recent history, such as it is, of attempts to protect workers and the public from such damage.

But it is not the health hazard by itself that is shocking and outrageous. Apparently, as both Brodeur and Scott suggest, the hazard could in principle be controlled. An effective combination of protective technology and governmental regulation is not beyond us. The disturbing element is the wondrous inability of our industrial and governmental establishment to provide for the safety of the people directly or indirectly related to those chemicals and materials. One is dismayed by the familiarity of the old story, the opacity of capitalist industry to basic health values.

Spattered with unpronounceable names of chemicals, tedious identifications of sub-parts of government bureaucracies and medical associations, and descriptions of legal and quasi-legal proceedings, the books sometimes produce numbness of the mind rather than instruction. But beneath all the maneuvering over appropriate legal regulations (if any) to impose upon companies, and alongside the existing and potential human misery, there is a very familiar question, moral in character: how persons are to be thought about.

On the one side we have companies operating, as expected, under the canons of efficient productivity. On the other side we have people with livings to make at their jobs. Companies think about them as instruments, as means to the ends of industry. Whatever it takes to maintain their functionality—say, special machinery to clean the air—is viewed as a costly burden. Scott reports one government official saying: "You know, unless there is somebody on your back—if you need to save some money, the place you can save it without too many people knowing about it is in health and safety."

Brodeur's thesis is that there is a "medical-industrial complex," the point of which is to further the interests of industry at the cost of the basic health of working people. Even if there is no deliberate, self-conscious conspiracy to this end, it seems as if there was; those in positions of responsibility have for a long time failed to provide guarantees of health and safety in the workplace. Sometimes the attitudes are perverse. One state official said to Scott: "To design an environment completely free of any risk seems to me would be an environment that would be—a sterile environment."

There is legislation on the books—the Occupational Health and Safety Act of 1970, for example—with some teeth to it. But in the specific task of promulgating standards concerning tolerable amounts of asbestos dust in the working environment, there is much room for delay and apparent room for prolonged "controversies" over such matters as what a "reasonable" imposition upon industry is, what the relevant "safe level" is, and the like. In such curious debates the "interests" of industry are introduced into the hearings or committee proceedings leading to the development of standards, along with the relevant medical information, as though those interests could be balanced against the "interests" of working people. The quest is for *compromise* acceptable to all! This manner of stacking deliberations leading to *health* protection is morally absurd on the face of it. Clearly, one does not balance the basic health of working people against productivity, profit and efficiency.

There are other problems. The whole governmental apparatus of research, inspection and implementation is understaffed and lacking in funds. Too often the medical people whose opin-

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ions are sought in the matter of adequate standards are themselves paid consultants to the industries whose control is at issue. Scott writes:

> *. . . now as throughout American history, companies . . . shrug at the pleas of workers whose health they destroy in order to save money. They hire experts—physicians and researchers—who purposely misdiagnose industrial diseases as the ordinary diseases of life, write biased reports, and divert research from vital questions. They fight against regulation as unnecessary and cry that it will bring ruination. They ravage the people as they have the land, causing millions to suffer needlessly and hundreds of thousands to die.*

The links between medicine, industry and government are so close that the latter cannot seem to push itself into a position of enough independence to establish and enforce needed standards for the conditions of the work place. Meanwhile, working people are the victims. In *The President's Report* for 1972 it is stated that "there may be as many as 100,000 deaths per year from occupationally caused diseases."

What, then, is to be done? The prognosis in these books is gloomy. Brodeur turns away from thoughts about the future, a sort of throwing-up-of-hands. Scott is a little more positive. She writes that "only the American people themselves have the power to bring about the changes that can stop this industrial massacre," and adds that until government is moved to vigorous action in behalf of occupational health and safety, the efforts of labor unions "are the best hope for change." But neither book really explores in any detail the role of unions in the occupational-disease issue. Anthony Mazzocchi of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union—a union that has successfully negotiated health provisions into contracts—has said that "in the final analysis the government will never do the type of job that has to be done because of all the facts and forces that exist, as well as because of the society in which we live . . . We are going to have to depend on what we do ourselves through collective bargaining." How promising of positive results this resolve can be is at this point not clear.

Norman S. Care

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Reasoning Choice

Beast or Angel? by Rene Dubos

(Scribners; $8.95)

In 1970, when René Dubos began a column, called "The Despairing Optimist" in *The American Scholar*, he quoted Camus to help explain the paradox of his title: "We can despair of existence, for we have no power over it, but not of history because the individual can make choices." The power of choice and the possibility of optimism have been strong themes in all of Dubos' recent books, as they are in this latest one, *Beast or Angel?*, a highly personal attempt to rescue human nature and the human prospect from the grip of determinism and pessimism. By "personal" I mean that, although its author is an eminent microbiologist, the book and its argument are governed more by sentiment than science. Dubos himself hints at this in an intriguing foreword, where he discusses his experience in translating the book into English after writing it originally in his native French.

Writing extensively in French for the first time in 50 years, Dubos found himself carried back to the mood of his youth, writing in a spontaneous, French, subjective way, paying little attention to documentation. In translating the book into English, he discovered in himself "two different persons" corresponding to the two languages, and often found it hard to convey a feeling associated with his youth into the language he had learned to use scientifically, objectively, without using "I."

Whatever the problems of translation, however, *Beast or Angel?* remains a very subjective book; its strengths and weaknesses are intimately related to its author and the narrator he has chosen. Dubos' usual genial temperament, his humanistic concern, and the broad range of his reading are all in evidence as he works his materials with the goal of restoring to us a balanced picture of human nature. The overall redemptive strategy of the book is reflected in a remark by Paul Valéry, quoted several times, to the effect that human nature is not so simple that you can describe it by enumerating only its lower qualities. For Dubos reasoning choice is *the*

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human activity, so he sets out to describe human nature by studying some of the choices humans typically make—between past and present, city and country, good and evil, shelter and vista, camp and the open road, unity and diversity.

Many of Dubos' observations, such as his emphasis on humankind's combination of genetic unity and cultural and psychic diversity, will be familiar to those who have read his recent work. Others break new ground—such as his praise of city life as offering the greatest range of choice and possibility for productive chance encounters.

I also like what Dubos says about the *sensory* objectives of the environmental movement, and his theory that the lack of deeply satisfying sensory experience in an increasingly abstract world may become one of the most powerful "limits to growth."

The strength of this book is in the wealth of such insights and in the characteristic richness of Dubos' references. In a more general sense, however, I found myself unsatisfied with what its mood seems to have done to its argument. The problem is that Dubos' optimism covers too large a percentage of the mixed affair of human experience, and in the process crowds out the possibility of despair. This leads, inevitably, to distortion. For instance at the end of a section on the lure of the open road, Dubos calls *homo sapiens* the great inventor and adventurer, and then sets up the Faustian tragic hero Prometheus as the upbeat symbol of humanity's transcendence of its animal nature.

Elsewhere, too, the wind of optimism blows strong. Evidence of religious belief and altruistic behavior in Stone Age burial sites becomes proof that the golden rule will prevail in international affairs. Dubos defends the basic goodness of the recently dislocated Ugandan Ik tribe, but does not consider the possibility that the Iks' change from happy-to mean-spiritedness after the dislocation may well be prophetic of what other tribes and nations will face in an era of growing shortages and breakdown of traditional cultural forms. Finally for the malady of pessimism about the general prospects of humanity, Dubos prescribes a sugar-coated pill of history, arguing that humanity "has the power to choose . . . and it has made the right choice often enough to have kept civilization so far on a forward and upward course."

These things are unsatisfying, not because there is no room for optimism in the world, but because Dubos' brand of it seems to float so free of the contingencies of life, both scientific and personal. Like the eye on the pyramid on the dollar bill, it is supported more by radiant assurance than by contact with the world below.

If, as Dubos warns us, this book is not rigorous science, neither is it engrossing autobiography. Though his optimism is a personal synthesis, possibly related to a strong love of nature and a successful career, we have in this book—perhaps because of the author's modesty—mainly conclusions, and little of the *process* that makes for interest in a work founded on personality.

Beast or Angel? would be stronger if Dubos in writing it had heeded Camus' distinction between areas where humans have control and those where they do not. Dubos' optimism comes out of his character, but in this book he applies it universally, well beyond the reaches of his control. I agree with him that *joie de vivre* and the ability to take life with a smile are desirable traits. But he would have argued for them more convincingly by simply *forgetting* those problematic realms over which he has no control; instead, he has made them over in the image of his personal happiness.

John Woodcock

JOHN WOODCOCK *teaches English at Indiana University.*

Fine Print

Twelve Re-views: 1974

Doris Grumbach

John Leonard in *The New York Times Book Review* calls what I want to do this week in this space "the last word." I feel the urge to look back, to say a last word about my reading for the year and see what, in all that welter of fast reading, slow reading, tasting and sampling, I remember with pleasure. I would put one more requirement on this survey: these are books I would actually *buy* for gifts for those persons who read rather than look, and who share my tastes. The high percentage of fiction on this list is understandable. Fiction is what I read for pleasure (and profit):

► I can recall, without looking back, every detail of Alison Lurie's **The War Between the Tates** (Random House; $6.95). I remember its wit, its savage insight into academic and familial life. Both situations I have shared but without the talent to portray them in fiction that Lurie has. The reviewer in these pages (*TNR*, Aug. 10 & 17, '74) did not share my unquestioning affection for the novel, although he admitted that it was a "marvelously polished, splendidly crafted novel." So it is, and much more.

► The book of short stories I would preserve if I could against the erosion of neglect and floods of other books of short stories is Carol Emshwiller's **Joy in Our Cause** (Harper & Row; $6.95). This time John Alfred Avant, *TNR*'s reviewer (July 20, '74) shared my feelings. I thought them so good that I wanted to reprint one or two rather than try in inadequate language to convey their quality. Avant writes: "Her stories . . . seem breathed onto the page . . . she touches us deeply by writing about the most commonplace events of her life." A correspondent recently took me to task for not pointing out that Carol Emshwiller is primarily a science fiction writer and that many of the stories in this collection are of that genre. I herewith correct that omission, adding only that she gives a dimension to s/f that is special to her; a humane, occasionally feminist tone that I have sometimes found lacking in lesser s/f.

► What do I write of Joseph Heller's recent **Something Happened** (Knopf; $10)? That it strikes me as uncompromisingly honest, as wholly original, as the most "fascinating monologue" (this is William Kennedy's phrase in his admiring review, *TNR*, Oct. 19, '74) since *Herzog?* I envied the writing in it, never grew bored, nor did my attention to that "son of a bitch Bob Slocum" (I quote Kennedy), narrator and hero, ever

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wander because as Kennedy points out, Slocum is everyman: "the book is a baring of what Heller thinks is everybody's soul." He goes on to a hyperbole that I would echo: Heller may well be "one of the world's most interesting writers."

► John Callahan first alerted me to the work of the young black novelist, poet, short-story writer, Alice Walker. This fall, after reading his "Reconsideration" (*TNR*, Sept. 14, '74) I read her **In Love and Trouble** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $6.50, $2.25 paper). Callahan writes of these superb, haunting, very short tales that they "evoke magnificently diverse lives . . . In Walker's prose the facts are always stark; the essential quality of sympathy comes partly from reverberations of Jean Toomer and Zora Neale Hurston in her folk voices." Amen.

► **Supership** (Knopf; $8.95) came to me (I resisted it because I usually turn down nonfiction of this size and frightening import) from David Sanford, a consumer-interests expert, who told our readers (Nov. 2, '74) that its author Noël Mostert "is an extraordinary writer whose prolific knowledge and appreciation of the sea, of its literature, of ships of all kinds, of birds and fish, enliven this book and make the reading of what might otherwise be merely a polemic a sustained pleasure." The book is both horrifying and enthralling, literally: I gripped it until I had finished it in three long sittings, and even then had to protect it from pilfering by office-hoppers.

► Wrote W. T. Lhamon, Jr., of Robert M. Pirsig's **Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance** (Morrow; $7.95): "There will be a lot of people reading this novel and it may well become an American classic" (*TNR*, June 29, '74). I don't need to be reminded how often that prediction is made in vain, but in the case of this book I am willing to underline the reviewer and agree that "it is a remarkable novel." "Ideas in the outdoors" is the way Lhamon summarizes the book, and I add: this journey is not one I would be attracted to or able to fathom first-hand, but the writing, which moves with the speed of the cycle and makes your ears buzz and your head spin with its violent accuracy, persuades. You must read it; no way out of it.

► Everyone I know who cares about the question of *scale* in industry, in business, in art, in publishing, etc., owns a copy of **Small Is Beautiful** by E. F. Schumacher (Harper & Row; $8, $3.75 paper) because I have sent it to them and *made* them read it. Peter Barnes praises it to the covers in the June 15, 1974 issue of *TNR*. I invite you to become acquainted with its sanity, its wisdom, its "sense of man's place in the universe . . . its conviction that the foremost concern of economics is people, not goods." I had wanted to send a copy to Dorothy Day, knowing how

Cut courtesy: Dover Publications, *Quaint Cuts in the Chap Book Style* by Joseph Crawhall.

congenial to her way of thinking the book would be, but before I got around to it I found a discussion of the book in *The Catholic Worker*, which she edits.

► I read and praised **Long Distance** by Penelope Mortimer (Doubleday; $6.95). It still haunts me, still challenges absolute interpretation; it rises above a single view to become a multilayered pure pleasure on its own inscrutable terms. Clearly it isn't "selling," but even more clearly it deserves to and, I predict, will gather friends, and sell, and remain among the books our grandchildren (if they are still literate and the art of the printed word does not disappear under the fierce light of the raytheon tube) will read.

► **Mundome** by A. G. Mojtabai (Simon & Schuster; $6.95) remains the first novel that interested me last year. About it I felt a heady sense of discovery—the peak-in-Darien-syndrome—but even so, rereading it recently confirms my original enthusiasm. No one on whom I have pushed the book has reproached me, so I suspect I am right in my view that it is a small masterpiece of psychological fiction—intense, beautifully written, elegant in structure. Perhaps even a *large* masterpiece written in a short space with all "the force of few words."

► Running out at the magic-numbered tenth book, I would fill the remaining space and divide the number with three mentions: **Seduction and Betrayal** by Elizabeth Hartwick (Random House; $6.95), **In the Springtime of the Year,** by Susan Hill (Saturday Review Press: $5.95), and **The King's Indian** by John Gardner (Knopf; $8.95). The last I will throw in at the last moment because I am just now reading it—am just now absorbed in it would be a better description of my state, and have the feeling that its variety, its invention and imagination come close to perfection. I have been an advocate of Gardner's since his brilliant story of Beowulf, *Grendel*, told from the monster's point of view. This new collection of tales is so fine that it is hard to do it justice without piece-by-piece description and praise. "His prose is regal," wrote William Kennedy (*TNR*, Dec. 7, '74). I'll stay with that.

The editors at the *Times* came up with seven books this year they could agree were "the best." Last year only three met the severe conditions of their détente. I confess I've had to pull in austerely to make it 12. I can think of 10 more pressing hard on the heels of this dozen, and others on *their* heels. It is evident to me that much that is very good is being published. In retrospect it effectively diminishes the horrid.

Correspondence

On 1960s Student Activism

Sirs:

C. Vann Woodward's "What Became of the 1960s?" (*TNR*, Nov. 9, 1974) is exasperating, especially because it exhibits that most of what the new left said about liberal scholarship is still true. The article is filled with ambiguous and unclarified generalizations. For example how should we take an assertion like the following: "Of the 41,000 bombings, attempted bombings and bomb threats recorded in the nation as a whole during the violent months between January 1, 1969 and April 15, 1970, more than 8200 were attributed to 'campus disturbances and unrest.'" "Recorded" by whom? "Attributed" by whom? (By the FBI? God forbid!) How many bombings were there? And how many were merely threats? (What actually constitutes a "bomb threat"?) And what, pray tell, was the source of the other 32,800 bomb-

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ngs, attempted bombings and bomb hreats during this period? (Does this erhaps include those threats and actual ombings made by our government gainst the peasants of Southeast Asia?) Does not this latter figure suggest that he new left was probably right, that 'violence is as American as apple pie"? And again, if it is true that "more than hree quarters of college students [in 1970] believed that basic changes in the system had proved unsuccessful," and hat "a large number accepted disrup-ive tactics and declined clear repudia-ion of violent tactics," why is it so 'important" to Prof. Woodward that "only 11 percent of them at that time identified themselves as 'radical or far left' "? What does this mean? Does it imply that even so-called "conservatives" were ready to accept disruptive and violent tactics? Perhaps terms like "radical" or "far left" had no personal meaning for the students questioned (I know many people who regard *The New Republic* as radical and left wing).

A central theme of Woodward's discussion is that "from start to finish, the great majority of seven million college students remained moderate and nonviolent" (which may be true, assuming that "moderation" and "nonviolence" are the same), but that at the end of the decade "more and more moderates fell under the sway of radicals and extremists." This elitist interpretation assumes that the former moderates were simply sheep led astray by the "manipulations" of "political radicals." Were there no actions by our own government, as well as by our universities and liberal leaders, which may also have contributed to the increasing radicalization, disenchantment and alienation among the young? (And no mention is made here of the fact that many of these "extremists" were actually agents of the FBI). . . .

Let us be honest about what did happen to student activism in the 1960s. It was the victim of a vicious attack by all the means of mass manipulation available to the rulers of our society. It was infiltrated, disrupted and dissipated by agents of our own government. It had its brains beat out by hard hats on the streets of New York, and by defenders of law and order in Washington, Chicago and 100 other cities. It was shot down at Kent State, Jackson State and Berkeley. The moderates who attempted to work for change within the system were crushed even as Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern were crushed. Many were seduced into encounter culture and the swinging life. Very simply, the movement was destroyed by the arrogance of the powerful, who would tolerate no serious threat to their power and privilege. Nevertheless it lives because the corruption against which it rebelled remains real, the ideals it proclaimed remain valid, and there are those whose lives were so deeply changed by its experience that they will never forget, nor will their children.

Darrell Doughty
Drew University

In reply:

I am sorry Mr. Doughty found my essay so "exasperating." The exasperating statistics of which he complains come mainly from the Report of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest. Whether that well of information was poisoned at its source by "liberal scholarship" I am not sure. The complaint about the present writer's liberalism is misplaced. It was an honorable enough tag in the civil rights movement before it became a pejorative epithet. If tagged I must be, perhaps conservative-marxoid-populist would be closer, though I resist being tagged in any manner. I do not despair of attempts to explain the origins and collapse of the student rebellion and commend to Mr. Doughty's and to your readers' attention two recent efforts, neither of which was available to me when I rashly offered my own. One is Michael W. Miles, "Student Alienation in the U. S. Higher Education Industry" (*Politics and Society*, 1974); the other is David E. Apter, "An Epitaph for Two Revolutions that Failed" (*Daedalus*, Fall, 1974). Neither resorts to bucket-of-blood explanations of the demise of the movement, and both use the term "elitist" to characterize the rebels rather than their detractors.

C. Vann Woodward

Birds of a Feather

Sirs:

"By doing so [releasing the transcripts of 46 conversations], Mr. Nixon wanted to make it appear he was exceeding the committee's request" (p. 10, *TNR*, Nov. 30, 1974).

The quoted words brought to mind an interesting parallel. In the years 1951-53 in a prosecution of notorious underworld elements, the subjects sought to evade obedience to a subpoena *duces tecum* in the southern district of New York. After much legal maneuvering the prospective defendants agreed under compulsion to obey the mandate. In doing so they delivered countless boxes of scraps of paper in utter disarray, evidently hoping to confuse the government agents into an abandonment of the task at hand, which proved to be indeed monumental though finally surmountable.

The prosecution was finally successful and the culprits were sentenced by Judge Walsh to one of the severest of sentences for income tax evasion.

Could it be that gangster mentality attains its own level?

Gerome Leone
New York City

Errata

Sirs:

Flattered though I am at your resuscitating my phrase "An old subscriber of *The New Republic* am I, prudent, meditative, rigidly impartial" in your editorial (November 2), may I appeal for an added favor of resuscitation? Possibly the reference to me as "the late S. J. Perelman" was ironic, but it generated alarm in my insurance agent and unbecomingly hopeful excitement among my heirs. Personally, I was unshaken, but hustling old subscribers into the hereafter with such avidity hardly contributes to your paper's credibility.

S. J. Perelman
New York City

Correction

In Stanley Karnow's "Anti-Semitism on the Rise?" (*TNR*, Dec. 14, '74) the American Israel Public Affairs Committee was incorrectly described as an agency of the Israeli government. It is a US organization financed by Americans and registered with Congress under the domestic lobbying laws.

The Editors

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Kauffmann, *from page 16*

is that they illuminate so little imaginatively. One of the rare examples in both plays of what I had expected is a speech of Ntshona's in *The Island,* in which he spills his resentment at the fact that his friend will be released in three months while he will remain in this cell forever—a speech that ends with the line "You stink of freedom." With that line I knew more about being a prisoner than I had known before I came to the theater, and knew it through the theater's means.

The two actors are in themselves more significant than the plays they are in. As for Fugard, I've known no one in my lifetime who has worked with greater passion in the theater, but apparently his very passion can misguide him. I presume to think it has done so here. He is a director of strengths, but he is a writer of much greater strengths. He has opted in these past few years to work with actors in "devising" plays: he had his reasons—passionate, I'm sure—for doing this, but the result is wasteful of his best talents. This devising of plays with actors is a function of directors who cannot write original work—sometimes greatly gifted ones like Andrei Serban. But I hope Fugard, a writer, will write. In these plays devised with actors he has slipped into theatricalisms like none I can recall in his other work. These new works, compared with *Boesman and Lena,* are somewhat superficial because they are artistically insecure and essentially didactic, and are thus only about the troubles of South African blacks.

I'm aware of the risks in that "only," but I stand by it, particularly after rereading *Boesman,* which has just been published here in a volume of Fugard's work called *Three Port Elizabeth Plays* (Viking; $8.95). The other two plays in the book, *The Blood Knot* and *Hello and Goodbye,* are works of erratic power. *Boesman* is, if I may quote myself, "a small epic of contemporary man. I can think of no naturalistic play since *The Lower Depths* that . . . so completely converts almost protozoan characters into vicars for us all."

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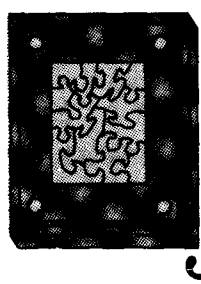

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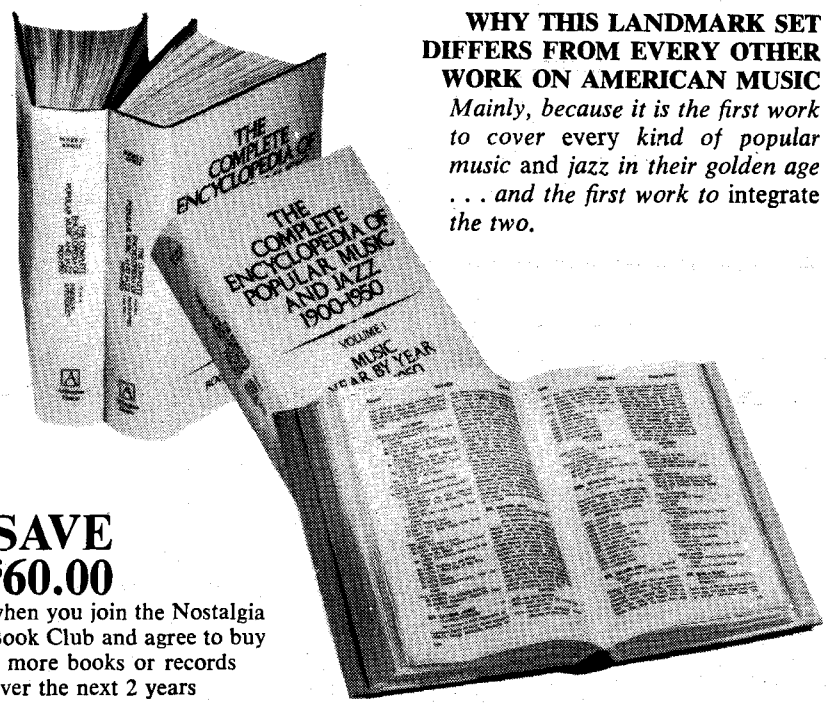

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